

2Pac Lyrics

"Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich, E-40)

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

(They say)

Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'

Where I can pile up my chips

And niggas call me a timer

(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')

Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

(That's right, that's right boy, start that shit off)

[2Pac:]

I heard a rumor I died, murdered in cold blood dramatized

Pictures of me in my final stage, you know mama cried

But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted

Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin'

Although I'm worldwide, baby I ain't hard to find

Where I spend most of my time, my California grind

Watchin' for thievin', I'm cautious, it's like I'm barely breathin'

Puttin' a bullet in motherfuckers, give me a reason

See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded

You tried to play me, now homicide is my only payment

I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead

Why the fuck you cowards be runnin', too scared to fight a G?

For the life of me, I cannot see

How motherfuckers picture livin' life after a night of fuckin' around with me

And if you don't like this rhyme

Then bring your big bad ass to California, 'cause we ain't hard to find

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

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[C-Bo:]

I got my locs on, hard hat, goin' to war

Breakin' them off on sight, stoppin' lives like red lights

Watch 'em pause as I pull my strap out my drawers

And get to dumpin' on they ass like the last outlaw

Rich, 2Pac and The Click, smokin' blunts, loadin' clips

With enough shit to raise your block in one dip

We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt

And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick

[B-Legit:]

I'm fully automatic, full of static and shit

Movin' Dodge van, fifty rounds in the clip

I'm ridin' shotgun with the tint in the back

I'm plan to have a motherfuckin' mint in this rap

I'm from the V-A-L-L-E-J-O
Where sellin' narcotics is all I know
I got blow, speed, and weed, whatever yo' kind
And if you need a motherfucker, I ain't hard to find

[D-Shot:]
Some may call me bootsy, but I call it timin'
That's while I keeps on grindin' (that's right)
to the point where a nigga can't stop
Too much feelin' this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a bitch
Whether it's a nigga or a ho, a ho
get in my way, then that ass gots to go
'Cause a nigga steady plottin'
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin'

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]
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Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')
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[(2Pac), E-40:]
(C-Bo, D-Shot, E-40, Richie Rich)
Da Bay, beitch!

[E-40:]
Down the steps
Abandoned broken down apartment complex
Heavy metal weapons they carry, can't be scary
Playboy, what the fuck is a proof without the trauma plate?
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for if you gon' hesitate?
Best shake and bake all those I-was-finest-to-ask niggas
Motherfuckers-didn't-think-I was-gon'-do-somethin'-ass niggas
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him, have at him

[Richie Rich:]
(Check this out)
I grew up with that nigga
Threw up with that nigga
I hear he tryin' to ride
Double agent for the other side
But now, my Glock be so judgmental
Back seat of a rental
Keep my name out your dental, nigga
If your gum bleedin' and you needin'
More than twenty stitches, you behaved like them bitches
Sideways to the next
Heavy in the game
Check the resident, it's all the same
Nigga, and we ain't hard to find

[Ad-libs — 2Pac, C-BO & E-40:]
[2Pac:] Hell nah we ain't hard to find
[C-Bo:] The whole Clickalation fool

[E-40:] Motherfuckers hard to find, right here bitch

[2Pac:] Why them niggas actin' like they can't find us? Like they can't see us and like we don't be at the same spots they be at?

[D-Shot:] It's the same congregation. Young Pac is back, youknowwhatimean?

[C-Bo:] Nigga be lookin' all the way when he see you and shit

[D-Shot:] It's a celebration

[E-40:] Motherfuckers better understand this shit

[D-Shot:] Young 'Pac is back

[2Pac:] Ay D-Shot, nigga, can we get paid man?

Can we just go there and sock this shit up, please?

[D-Shot:] Hey, we smokin', and we ain't hard to find

[2Pac:] Drinkin' and shit, fuckin' with some Hurricane

[E-40:] A motherfucker's gonna get his marbles regardless, playboy

[2Pac:] You supposed to

[Rich:] Sideways to the next light, and to the next coast, poppin' the muthafuckin' most, you understand what I'm sayin'

[2Pac:] Money over bitches, nigga, M.O.B., M.O.B.

Thanks to Postmaster for correcting these lyrics.

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